1482 ee 6

THE World in Disguise: OR MASKS ALL.

A NEW BALLAD,

Sung by Mr. *BEARD*,

At the BALL (after the *Venetian* Manner) at *Ranelagh* House.

To the Tune of *Sing Tantararara Fools all.*

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

LONDON:

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[Price Six-pence.]

World in Pilgrimage:

THE Maſquerade Song,

SUNG AT

RANELAGH,

By Mr. BEARD in the Character of a *Ballad Singer.*

I.

YE Medley of Mortals that make up this Throng,
Spare your Wit for a Moment, and liſt to my Song;
What you would not expect here, my Wit ſhall be new,
And what is more ſtrange, ev'ry Word ſhall be true.

Sing tantararara Truth all, Truth all,
Sing tantararara Truth all.

II.

Not a Toy in the Place you'll buy cheaper than mine,
Bring your Laſſes to me, and you'll ſave all your Coin;
The Ladies alone will pay dear for my Skill,
For if they will hear me—their Tongues muſt lye ſtill.

Sing tantararara Mute *all.*

III.

Tho' our Revels are ſcorn'd by the Grave, and the Wiſe,
Yet they practiſe all Day, what they ſeem to deſpiſe;
Examine Mankind from the Great, to the Small,
Each Mortal's *diſguis'd*, and the World is a *Ball.*

Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

IV.

The Parſon brimful of *October*, and Grace,
With a long taper Pipe, and a round ruddy Face,
Will rail at our Doings—but when it is dark,
The Doctor's *diſguis'd*, and led Home by the Clark.
Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

V.

The fierce roaring Blade, with long Sword and cock'd Hat,
Who with *Zounds* he did this, and with '*Sblood* he'll do that,
When he comes to his Trial, he fails in his Part,
And proves that his Looks were but *Maſks* to his Heart.
Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

VI.

The *Beau* acts the Rake, and will talk of Amours,
Shews Letters from Wives, and Appointments from Whores;
But a Creature ſo modeſt, avoids all Diſgrace,
For how would he bluſh, ſhould he meet Face to Face.
Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

VII.

The Courtiers and Patriots, 'mong other fine Things,
Will talk of their Country, and Love to their Kings,
Yet their *Masks* will drop off, if you ſhake but the Pelf,
And ſhew King and Country all center'd in ſelf,
Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

VIII.

With an Outſide of Virtue, Miſs *Squeamiſh* the Prude,
If you touch her, ſhe faints, if you ſpeak, you are rude;
Thus ſhe's prim and ſhe's coy, till her Bloſſoms are gone,
And when mellow, ſhe's pluck'd by the Coachman or *John*.

Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

IX.

With a grave *Maſk* of Wiſdom, ſay Phyſic and Law,
In your Caſe there's no Fear, in your Cauſe there's no Flaw,
Till Death and the Judge have decreed, they look big;
Then you find you have truſted---- a full-bottom Wig.

Sing tantararara Maſks *all.*

X.

Thus Life is no more than a Round of Deceit,
Each Neighbour will find that his next is a Cheat;
But if, oh ye Mortals, theſe Tricks ye purſue;
You at laſt cheat yourſelves----and the Devil cheats you.

Sing tantararara Maſks *all*, Maſks *all*,
Sing tantararara Maſks *all*.

FINIS.